

taste you on my tongue by callunavulgari

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Summary:

“You’ve never felt pleasure like it, Steve,” an old girlfriend had told him once, her eyes bright with memory. She’d been from the big city, where the vampires had their pick of willing donors, where all they had to do to get a meal was walk into a club. Some of them, the older, better known vamps wouldn’t even have to do that. They could pull someone straight off the street, roll down their windows and beckon.

Steve shrugged. “No vampires here, though.”

They’d broken up a few days later, and he hadn’t given it much thought. After all, what were the chances that a vampire would end up in boring, small town Hawkins, Indiana?

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Author's Note:

Okay, so [this is a thing that happened](#). And it basically haunted me for weeks until I threw up my hands and said, fine, I'll write it. So I did. And it is, as I expected, largely pwp.

For those wondering, the thing about silver and vampire's reflections is based on that one post about how modern day vampires would totally be able to see their reflections because modern mirrors are no longer backed with silver.

Also, the title is taken from The Neighbourhood's, [Daddy Issues](#).

Lilitu. Striges. Vetalas. Ghouls. *Vampires*.

Night creatures that originated as early as man, with mentions dating back through the centuries, to Mesopotamia and Ancient Greece, Egypt, India. The stories varied - that the creatures were witches, children of gods, spirits inhabiting bodies of the dead - revenants that stalked the night, preying on the blood of man, woman, and child.

During the 1700s they were persecuted to near extinction in southwestern Europe, where they were burnt, flayed, staked, until those that were left were forced to retreat - into the shadowy recesses of old, crumbling castles or clawing their way into the dirt for the long sleep, where they would wake to a better world.

And wake they did, to the roaring twenties - the *new world* - which accepted them with open arms and bared necks.

Steve had never quite understood the appeal. The cults devoted to them, hordes of slack-jawed, glassy-eyed followers who would preach to whoever stopped long enough to listen that receiving the bite - because that's what they called it, always that, always carefully avoiding the word *feed* - took you to a higher plane of existence.

“You’ve never *felt* pleasure like it, Steve,” an old girlfriend had told him once, her eyes bright with memory. She’d been from the big city, where the vampires had their pick of willing donors, where all they had to do to get a meal was walk into a club. Some of them, the older, better known vamps wouldn’t even have to do that. They could pull someone straight off the street, roll down their windows and beckon.

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Steve doesn't find out about Billy Hargrove until basketball practice of Billy's second day, when Steve is on his back in the middle of court, Billy fucking Hargrove grinning down at him with pointy fangs and telling him to *plant his goddamn feet*.

Steve is- shaken isn’t the right word for it. His heart hammers, ratcheting up and drumming a frantic rhythm against the inside of his ribs, and he *knows* that Billy can hear it. Steve might be from a small town in the middle of Indiana, one that hasn’t had a vampire inside its city limits since the early 40’s, but he’s not an idiot.

His heart thunders on anyway, his face flushing, and Billy grins wider, wider, his face so close that Steve can feel his breath against his lips. And then the moment is over. He’s on his back again, Billy already jogging away. And somewhere, Nancy is calling his name.

Did you know, he wants to ask her.

Her voice is still ringing loud in his ears from the night before - bullshit, bullshit, bullshit. It’s been in his head all day, driving him slowly fucking insane, and here is Billy Hargrove, a fucking vampire, and in the moment all he wants to do is ask if she fucking knew. Like nothing is wrong.

“Tell me that you love me,” he says, and waits, sees her hesitate.

Knows what it means.

He swallows and leaves her there.

When he comes back onto the court, Billy is watching him. When he sees Steve looking he winks, calls, "Girl problems, King Steve?"

Steve's heart rate jumps. He scowls and raises a hand to flip Billy off, ignoring the way that he cackles in reply.

It's over. The gate is closed, the monsters are gone, and Steve is still bruised the day that Billy Hargrove backs him up against a wall and touches the curve of Steve's neck, the jut of his chin, the soft swell of his lower lip. His body is warmer than Steve thought it would be, crowded close.

They're in a bathroom at the party of the week, Sharon's, he thinks, and the heavy bass is thumping through the floorboards.

"I can't quite work it out, Harrington," Billy muses, one thumb lazily circling Steve's lips. Steve wants to bite it, wants to suck Billy's thumb into his mouth and get it nice and sloppy wet. He restrains himself, tries to control his breathing as he bats Billy's hand away.

"Can't work what out, Hargrove?" he asks, half-heartedly shoving at Billy just to see if he can move him. He sneers. "If it's your dick I'm sure *someone* downstairs would be willing to help you out."

Billy smiles sweetly, pressing closer until their bodies are flush against one another. Steve's breath catches, and he shudders, letting out a quiet noise.

"Ah," Billy says, and when Steve glances back up at him, he's smirking. "*There* it is. See, I wasn't sure."

He touches Steve's lips again. This time, Steve doesn't push him away.

"Wasn't sure of...?" Steve mumbles around Billy's fingers, his lips oversensitized and tingly. He sucks in a breath and feels the tip of

Billy's thumb against his tongue. Curious, unthinking, he closes his lips around the digit, sucks it in, his entire body hot and slow, his head faintly hazy.

"This," Billy says in a low voice, his eyes dark. "You. Could never tell if you were scared of me or if you..."

He trails off when Steve takes Billy's fingers even further into his mouth, sucks harder, tilting his head back. He sees the moment that Billy's eyes drop away from his mouth to the bared curve of his neck. Something grows, hot and molten in his gut when Billy licks his lips.

There are fangs in that mouth, Steve reminds himself, and chokes around a groan.

Reluctantly, he pulls off of Billy's fingers, giving them one last lingering lick before he comes back to himself, breathing hard. He wonders what he looks like, sweaty from the dancing that he'd done earlier, hair tousled from other people's hands, red marks on his skin from where Billy had seized him by the hips and shoved him through the nearest open door and shut it behind them.

His heart is thundering inside of his chest, but Steve isn't afraid.

"If I...?" he whispers, and bites down on the fleshy pad of Billy's thumb. He's rewarded by the sight of Billy's eyes sliding closed, his mouth parting on something like a sigh, a hint of sharp white teeth.

"If you wanted me," Billy says, his eyes fluttering open again, darker now. He's hard against Steve, has been for some time, the heat of him searing through two layers of denim. His gaze drifts downwards, to where Steve's pulse is jumping erratically at the base of his neck.

Steve swallows, and thinks that maybe he's crazy, maybe that ex-girlfriend knocked something loose in his head when she'd told him about how it felt, if all this time he's been going on hating Billy while a part of him was *hungry* for him too.

Steve hums low in his throat and pushes back off the wall, allows himself to grip Billy's hips and crowd *him* backwards, until he's shoved Billy halfway up and onto the sink. He steps into the space

between Billy's spread thighs and tilts his head, looking at the picture that they make in the mirror.

They look good together, he thinks, and watches as Billy cranes his neck to meet Steve's eyes through the reflection. Billy smiles at him and leans in to press a kiss to Steve's jaw, the corner of his mouth, the base of his throat. Steve watches and feels like an outsider in his own body as he tips his head back to make room for Billy.

"Thought that vampires weren't supposed to have reflections," Steve asks as he watches Billy kiss a line down his neck. He has to shut his eyes again when Billy dips his head even lower, his hands rising to yank down the collar of Steve's shirt. It rips, a bit, the fabric gaping.

Billy sucks a portion of the skin that he finds there into his mouth before Steve can complain, and murmurs around it, "Didn't used to."

Steve squints at the mirror at Billy's back, but the picture is unchanged, save for the fact that Billy's hand is creeping up his shirt now. "What changed?"

"Silver," Billy says, waving a hand flippantly, as if that explains everything. And maybe it does, but Steve won't know, because he doesn't get a chance to ask before Billy's hands are stroking slow over Steve's ribs, his lips mouthing along Steve's collarbone.

Steve makes a quiet noise when his shirt gets plucked off and over his head, shivers a little, pressing closer to the warmth of Billy, want or instinct, maybe both. He ducks his head, nuzzles along the curve of Billy's jaw. Bites at it with dull teeth, and sucks until there's a mark there, fresh and red and wet.

Billy laughs at him, and when Steve surfaces long enough to look at him, finds that Billy is watching him with hungry eyes. He touches Steve's throat, presses his thumb to Steve's pulse.

"Knew you had some fire in you, Harrington," Billy croons, pressing harder, his thumb rubbing back and forth across Steve's throat, across that hammering pulse. He leans in close, closer, and whispers, "Give me a taste?"

Steve feels heavy, still slow, all his limbs weighted down like they're wrapped in bubble wrap. He feels curiously unafraid, the want still singing through his veins. He wonders if this is what those devout believers preach about, or if there's still more waiting for him, if the real show is once Billy gets his teeth in him.

He licks his lips, and wonders if he'll regret this later.

"Yes," he whispers, and wraps his arms around Billy, pulling him in tighter, tighter, tighter, until there's no space at all between them. He tips his head back, feels Billy's lips against his throat, a ghost of a touch, whisper soft. There's a hint of teeth, a pinprick of something sharp that hovers, the points dragging against his skin. He swallows heavily and the points press harder, not quite hurting.

A tongue, hot and slick against the skin there, soothing. Billy's voice, murmuring, and then-

It doesn't hurt. Despite everything, despite *knowing* to expect pleasure, he'd still thought-

Steve doesn't know what he'd thought, but it wasn't *this*.

It wasn't this *rush*, an explosion of pleasure unlike anything he's ever felt. He feels it everywhere - in his bones, in his teeth - his entire body thrumming with it, waves and waves of something more intense than the best orgasm he's ever had. And it just keeps *going*, drowning him, pushing him under.

Distantly he's aware of himself crying out, of his body rutting up and into the spread of Billy's thighs, of Billy himself chuckling, his legs wrapping around Steve's waist, encouraging him.

"God, god, Billy, what is this, what-" Billy's tongue against the bite mark, another surge of pleasure as he lavishes it with licks and sweet kisses. He nips at Steve's jaw, still laughing, and when Steve looks at him, there's blood on his mouth.

"Like it?" he breathes, sounding just as wrecked as Steve feels. His ankles, locked tight at the base of Steve's spine, clench tighter.

Steve nods, a little desperately, his hips slowing their frantic pace.

Every hint of pleasure sparks like Billy's teeth are still in him. His body is a taut line of unspent energy, dick still hard in his pants. God, he hasn't even *come*.

Billy grins, looking a little punch-drunk, his shirt slipping off his shoulders. Steve impatiently shoves it down, thinks that there might be a button still intact around Billy's navel, but doesn't care, lets the shirt hang there around his waist, out of his way. Billy laughs again and reaches between them, palming Steve through his pants, and then, when that isn't enough, shoving his hand inside, awkwardly stroking his fingers along Steve's cock.

"Please," Steve says, and doesn't know what he's asking for - if he wants Billy's hand or his mouth or his goddamn teeth.

"*Please*," he says again, because he doesn't know, he just needs more of *something*.

"All right, princess," Billy croons, and gets Steve's dick out of his pants, wrapping a fist around him properly. The pressure is so good that Steve almost sobs with it, dick leaking steadily in Billy's fist.

Billy smiles at him, blood smeared on his chin, and Steve gasps, his hips twitching, the pleasure in his body building, taking him ever higher, higher than he's ever been, and just when he thinks it can't get any better, Billy leans in and asks, "Want some more?"

Steve comes loudly, Billy's hand on his dick and his teeth buried deep in his neck.

When he comes down, Billy's sprawled back against the mirror, the faucet likely pressing uncomfortably against the base of his spine. His pants are half-open, the head of his dick peeking out, spent and slick with come. He's panting, blood streaking down his chin and neck.

He's a mess, and he's smiling.

Steve is smiling too. His chest is heaving, and when he looks, the bite marks on his neck are dark and already bruising. There's come on his belly and bruises on his hips, aftershocks still zinging pleasantly through his body.

He licks his lips, watching Billy watch him do it.

“My parents aren’t home tonight,” he says, after a moment.

Billy snorts, pushing himself up onto his elbows. His body seems lazy, languid, as he stretches towards Steve, looping his arms around his neck and getting in close.

“That so?” he whispers, pressing a kiss to Steve’s jaw. When he pulls back, he’s grinning. “Sounds promising.”

Author's Note:

For those interested, my [main blog](#) and my [writing blog](#). :)